The Lure (A/B/O Dynamics + unusual pairs - Alpha/Alpha - Part 2)

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by Sirenja (orphan_account), TigerPrawn

Summary

The requested continuation of Directly - Alpha/Alpha smut, a murder and more!

Notes

Ficlet written for Sirenja's Alpha/Alpha gifset for her "A/B/O Dynamics" series.

A/B/O Dynamics + unusual pairs - Alpha/Alpha - Part 2: LINK TO GIFSET

Massive thanks to Llewcie for the beta!

PLEASE NOTE: This is not part of, and completely separate from, my Hannigram Alpha/Alpha ongoing series Food Lovers

"Trout are harder to catch when the water is really cold."
"Thought trout were hunters. They should be chewing on my hook."
"In the cold, their metabolisms drop. They're not as hungry."
"That's the question. How do you catch a fish who isn't hungry?"
"You have to change tactics. Use live bait that moves and excites them to action. Gotta make him bite even though he's not hungry."
"Make him act on instinct. He's always a predator."
"You have to create a reality where only you and the fish exist, where your lure becomes what he wants most, despite everything he knows."
"Wrong move and he swims away."
"I'm a good fisherman, Jack."

The conversation flashed into his mind. His hook was baited; Hannibal's hand eased up his thigh. Had he intended this? Perhaps. He knew the doctor's proclivities; he had realised the doctor's feelings and knew how he could use them. Entrapment by way of seduction, wasn't that the course he'd decided upon?

Reality was very different from the theory of entrapment.

How did Will wish to entrap Hannibal? That was what he was unsure of now. As he imagines that hand on his unclothed thigh, what that would feel like, what Hannibal's flesh against his would feel like, things… blur. He could see another course, another path that led not to Hannibal's incarceration but to his own awakening - his becoming. The becoming that he could feel Hannibal constantly pushing for. If he were to allow himself. If he were to admit to himself that darkness he had managed to keep hidden until Hannibal Lecter saw it clearly and fell in love with it.

Love was something Will had had little of. Love was something he found hard to recognise within himself.

He wasn't ignorant to the fact that he found the Alpha attractive - had done from the moment they met. So much so that he had wondered at first whether he really was picking up on Hannibal being interested in Alphas or whether it was his own desire projected onto the man. It had taken him some time to accept that, yes, Hannibal did indeed share his sexual persuasion. And then it had taken no time at all to realise their mutual interest in each other, though Hannibal seemed less aware. Until that dinner and those words and Will sensing his painful regret - not over having framed Will, but having been parted from him, albeit at his own hand.

And Will felt... confused.

He shouldn't be. He reminded himself firmly of the conversation with Jack. He was Jack's man in this. He was going to bring down the Ripper, the man who had framed him.

He was a good fisherman. But, there was that hand on his thigh.

It would take very little to turn this to his advantage. How much easier to entrap the Alpha through seduction. If he could maintain distance and a clear head - things that were already almost impossible around the doctor. The man was very much inside his head… and yet, Will never knew himself so well as when he was with Hannibal. He could *see* himself clearly for the first time, and it terrified him.

He could attempt to ignore the killer Hannibal saw within him. But perhaps use to his advantage that instinct they both shared. That connection - they were so similar as to make this entrapment seem ever more possible, easy even.

Will looked down at the hand; it had stilled. A heart beat passed and he looked up then to Hannibal's face, finding there a general expression of query, though his eyes were almost red with lust. Burning.

Will moved forward in his chair quicker than even he realised he could - one hand moving to Hannibal's hair and gripping it tight, pulling the man's head back and exposing his throat. The other to Hannibal's cock - already hard.

"I find you *very*interesting doctor…" Will growled and licked his tongue thickly up Hannibal's exposed throat. He claimed Hannibal's mouth, groaning into it and feeling the rush of blood to his already throbbing cock. Perhaps it was finally time to deal with his feelings about the doctor. What did he really feel? He couldn't deny this, couldn't deny that no matter what had passed between them or how important it was to catch him - Hannibal Lecter brought out a desire in him he had rarely experienced.

He was practically biting at Hannibal's lips and knew they would be swollen by the time he withdrew. The thought excited him - small injuries. Pleasure and pain. He longed to bite Hannibal.

This was nothing new to his thoughts, as much as he might have denied them. He wanted to claim Hannibal, mark that long throat with his teeth and own the man. He wanted to see the world as Hannibal did. He wanted to see everything. In that moment he wanted to be Hannibal's man. The danger of this path, the tether to thoughts of the entrapment he was supposed to be enacting, pulled somewhere - quietly - at the back of his mind. Instinct was everything.

Will moved forward until he was pressing Hannibal back into the chair and then towering over him.

"I'm going to fuck you doctor Lecter. I'll even knot you if you ask nicely… I hear that intercourse between two Alpha can be sexual gratifying… medically speaking…"

Hannibal's lips quirked in a knowing smirk, but even so the doctor whimpered lustily and captured Will's mouth, his own biting kisses an answer as he pressed his hips up and his dick to Will's hand. It distracted Will, of course, but even so he had briefly registered the look on Hannibal's face at his words. Desire to be taken, desire to be taken by Will. There was something in that expression that told Will this was not an act Hannibal often would allow. But for Will…

In many ways, we need each other. We're the only ones who will know what this feels like.

Yes. Need.

Will needed this. Needed to decide. This would make things clearer, surely? If he could get this out of his system? He could fuck Hannibal, seduce him and entrap him. Or he could fuck Hannibal, love him and - what? Kill? Kill him? Kill with him?

Will's blood hammered around his veins as he pulled back and looked down at the grinning Alpha.

He thinks he has won. He thinks I'm his man in this… Am I?

Will's focus was pulled back to the moment as he felt Hannibal's teeth latch onto his throat. He gasped as they grazed his flesh and blood welled into a bruise under the as yet unbroken skin. Of course, they were unable to bond with each other as an Alpha and Omega might, but this was a clear indication of Hannibal's desires and expectations.

I am his man… he thinks I am his man…

Will didn't attempt to stifle the groan as teeth were replaced by tongue and his skin was soothed as it burned. He growled and took hold of Hannibal's jacket and pulled them both to standing. He took Hannibal's mouth again as he pulled down the jacket, effectively trapping Hannibal's arms at his side. Will was panting hard and when he looked up he found the Alpha equally breathless but still grinning.

"Every time you think about it, it stings, doesn't it? Wondering if I could be right about you." Hannibal's tone was near mocking, Will prickled at the words and yet couldn't deny them.

He's getting what he wants, isn't he? Am I?

Will wavered for a moment.

Jack or Hannibal? FBI or Ripper? Duty or… desire? Want? Need? Instinct.

His indecision must have been clear in his expression. Hannibal shrugged out of the jacket with an almost preternatural quickness and took hold of Will's arm, crushing their mouths together in another deep kiss. Hard fingers dug into the flesh of his arms for only moments, before they eased, became gentle and stroked downwards. Hannibal's mouth and tongue mirrored this softening - nipping and teasing at Will's mouth in an attempt to encourage him, Will knew. And it worked, because Wil kissed him again then, not with the roughness of before but with equal passion.

Without breaking apart, mouths desperately tasting each other, their hands both went to work on their clothes. Hannibal undid his belt and trouser, his shirt becoming rumpled and untucked, and Will mirrored this, aware that his hands were shaking a little and his own clothes felt alien to his touch.

Hannibal's hands came up and grabbed Will's shirt, the kiss deepened for a moment before he pulled back, a hungry look in his eyes that was almost terrifying. Will knew that his own face

held the same expression. He could tell by the satisfied grin Hannibal gave him.

“Please…” Hannibal’s voice was low and rough as his mouth came nearer to Will’s ear and then redirected to lick at the forming bruise on Will’s neck - a would-be claim mark, they both were aware. Hannibal’s tongue lapped over his flesh before he spoke again - “Fill me up and knot me… Alpha…”

Will couldn’t have stifled his groan had he even had the forethought to do so. He had little control over anything in that moment - thoughts consumed with Hannibal - fucking Hannibal, knotting Hannibal… claiming Hannibal?

A sharp tug on his shirt and Will realised they were now next to the desk when Hannibal let go of him, his shirt a mess and slightly ripped. He found himself ripping at it further until it lay in shreds on the floor. Hannibal turned from him and swept an arm across the desk - clearing it with a clatter of noise that was startling as it cut through the room previously filled with only the sounds of passion.

Will came to his senses for a moment. Just for a moment. Long enough to realise he didn’t want to think about this anymore. He didn’t want to consider what he was doing, what it meant, what his real motivation might be. He felt like he was being pulled apart inside - he wasn’t even sure he was ready to acknowledge this indecision, let alone decide. All he knew was in that moment he was Hannibal’s lover and that was all that mattered.

As the other Alpha remained facing away from him, Will took hold of his trousers and underwear and pulled them down as he sank to his knees. Hannibal let out a short and unexpected gasp before settling over the desk and allowing himself to be spread. Will buried his face in Hannibal’s ass, licking and sucking there - working him open with his tongue whilst Hannibal groaned and squirmed in the most delightful way.

He had done this before, of course, picked up guys here and there - but never before had it felt so intimate. Will savoured the taste and scent that seemed so very much *Hannibal*. He added a finger before Hannibal gasped and pulled away a little - too raw, too dry. Will was about to spit on his fingers, for want of a better option, when Hannibal pushed himself further over the desk, rattled a drawer and then handed back a tube of lube to Will.

Will was unable to restrain the bark of laughter that exploded from his chest as he stared at the tube. If there were a time for him to come to his senses and put a stop to this, it was now. And he might have done so had Hannibal not spoken then - a reply to the laughter-

“I am often left wanting after our sessions…” The words dripped with a lust that Hannibal was clearly unable to control, and the same lust immediately ripped through Will - tightening him from his chest down to his balls. The image of Hannibal masturbating and even fingering himself after Will left their previous sessions set fire to his blood.

He snapped the cap and poured lube generously onto his fingers and down Hannibal’s crack so that the other Alpha gasped at the coldness of it. But it was only cold for a moment before Will’s fingers began to smooth and rub and stretch - each movement met with a groan from Hannibal.

“Alpha…” The word escaped as a gasp from the doctor.

Somewhere deep inside, Will knew the manipulation here, that Hannibal knew only too well what that utterance would do to an Alpha in the throes of passion. And yet, Will cared little about whether or not he was truly being manipulated. He cared even less about whether he was manipulating Hannibal in return as he had intended. All he cared about in that moment was being inside Hannibal.

He grabbed Hannibal’s hips, using them for purchase as he stood, digging his fingers into the flesh. Once standing he shucked down his pants and underwear and lined his cockhead up with Hannibal’s waiting hole. He took a steadying breath and then pushed in, savouring the tightness never found in an Omega. His head lolled back and a groan escaped up and out of his throat.

A mirroring groan sounded from Hannibal, whose head had fallen forward onto braced arms. The doctor took a breath and then pressed back, bearing down with a grunt as he took Will into him completely. Will could only watch, eyes wide and nerves singing, as his cock disappeared into Hannibal’s ass.

“Fuck.” the quiet exclamation escaped him, though Hannibal heard it and let out a low chuckle.

“Yes, Will. Please…”

Another press back, which Will met this time. His hands took hold of Hannibal’s hips as he drew back and slammed back into the other Alpha. Slowly at first, long, languid thrusts that he angled slightly at each of Hannibal’s responses until he knew he was hitting him right with each thrust. Will wasn’t one to take his own pleasure and give none in return, but even so he had to admit that Hannibal cumming would be just as much about his pleasure too - watching the doctor come undone, being responsible for it, would be magnificent.

Hannibal canted his hips as much as he could in their current position and Will fucked into him, each thrust becoming harder and faster as he lost himself in Hannibal’s tight heat. His knot had swollen already to a point almost verging on discomfort - the feeling that usually made him want to slam into his partner and spill everything he had. But he was holding back for now, he savoured the feel of Hannibal around him. And he wanted the other Alpha to cum.

He leaned over Hannibal, pressing chest to back in a mix of sweat and tight muscles, allowing him to take Hannibal in hand. He squeezed just below the crown of Hannibal’s cock and swiped his thumb over the beaded precum at the tip before starting to pump Hannibal in his fist. Hannibal let out a low moan in response and Will felt his body shudder beneath him.

“I want you to cum… Will you cum for me Hannibal?”

“If you knot me…” The words were struggled out and yet Will could still sense a smirk there. One that he would happily wipe from Hannibal’s face, even if it meant giving Hannibal exactly what he wanted.

He continued to fuck Hannibal and pump his cock until they were both a mess, sweat dripping from Will's dampened hair onto Hannibal's back. He watched as rivulets formed and drops streamed towards Hannibal's neck.

Will thought about biting that neck. Claiming Hannibal. So easy - lean forward, clamp teeth down. Hannibal had already indicated his thoughts on the matter. And meaningless as it was between two Alpha's in a physical sense, perhaps it could mean something to them… Will shook the thought away.

This was supposed to be entrapment.

The ridiculousness of that protestation bounced around Will's mind as he thought about how far what he was doing was from trying to catch a killer - or so it would seem.

As they moved together, his knot grew thick and heavy and he needed release so badly. His rhythm on Hannibal's cock was stuttering as he drew close to orgasm. He let go and moved both his hands back to Hannibal's hips as he drew back and then slammed into Hannibal hard, drawing forth a cry. His knot caught on Hannibal's rim but didn't fully enter. He pulled back a fraction before pushing forward, until the whole of his knot stretched Hannibal wide and was lost inside him. Will exhaled an obscene groans and Hannibal let out an involuntary cry as his pleasured bordered on pain.

Once completely flush to Hannibal's backside, Will rocked short, fast thrusts within him - his knot being squeezed tighter than by an Omega in heat. He marvelled at how any Alpha wouldn't prefer this! But that thought was fleeting as Hannibal pushed back on him once more.

"Fill me, Will…"

The words sent a jolt through Will. A sharp thrust, another and he spilled, his knot pulsating as it drove everything from him. He felt seemingly endless streams of cum spill through him and into Hannibal who groaned lewdly.

They panted in unison for a moment before Hannibal took hold of his own cock and began a quickly escalating but initially slow stroke. Will's body moved with Hannibal's and beyond his own control - the knot tying them together in an exquisite bliss that Will didn't think could get any better - until Hannibal came.

With a grunt, Hannibal's hand, chest and desk were covered in thick ropes of cum. The orgasm ripped through Hannibal, tightening his muscles and drawing on Will's cock. The sensation and pressure was divine and Will came again, hard. He moaned into Hannibal's back and clamped his mouth down there, resisting a hard bite.

He wanted to bite. Yes, he wanted to claim him. He didn't care about anything else in that moment other than possessing Hannibal Lecter. Than them possessing each other.

*

“You look like a man who has suffered an irrevocable loss.”
“I'm trying to prevent one.”
“Do you think if you save Peter Bernardone, you can save yourself?”
“Save myself from what, Dr. Lecter?”
“From who you perceive me to be.”
“I'm afraid I need to be saved from who you perceive me to be.”
“Many troublesome behaviors strike when we are uncertain of ourselves. Peter Bernardone lies in the same darkness that holds you.”
“I'm alone in that darkness.”
“You're not alone, Will. I'm standing right beside you.”

*

In a strange and alien environment Hannibal thought back to a few days earlier. Of being fucked and knotted. Of being tied together, pressed together in a comfortable intimacy, whilst they waited for Will’s knot to deflate. Of Will’s teeth grazing his skin tentatively but never taking purchase. Of Will leaving immediately after, confusion, longing and lust all playing across the agent’s face.

And then it had been as though nothing had happened between them. The fact that it had and no amount of denial could change that, kept Hannibal from being upset by the reaction. Will was still clearly confused but Hannibal harboured no doubts over what would happen next. He and Will would be together before long - lovers, hunters, partners in all things. As soon as Will made this realisation for himself.

Hannibal was lost in these thoughts whilst absentmindedly petting a lamb in the barn he’d found himself in. He was drawn from the distraction by a sound and the unfolding view before him, so bizarre that he admired it greatly.

“Mr. Ingram. Might want to crawl back in there, if you know what's good for you.”

Hannibal scented Will before he saw him, a scent now ingrained into his mind and almost as familiar as his own. He turned as Will stepped out of the darkness, raising his gun at Ingram. It was fascinating, watching Will Graham channel his darkness in this way. Hannibal had glimpsed it before, of course, when Will had a gun aimed at him, but to watch like this made his mouth water. He felt the stirrings of arousal as he considered watching Will hunt, watching him kill.

Hannibal’s attention was brought back to Ingram as he dropped the hammer he had intended as a weapon. The Beta smiled at Will, and Hannibal could practically feel the air crackle with the tension radiating from the Alpha. *His* Alpha. His chest swelled.

“Officer, I'm the victim here.”

“I'm not an officer. I'm a friend of Peter's.”

Ingram’s eyes locked on the gun as Will cocked the Hammer. Hannibal wet his lips in anticipation.

“Peter's confused.”

“I'm not... Pick up the hammer.”

“Will.” Hannibal knew that he should interject, could see the hesitation - Will wanted to save Peter and this was the way to do that.

Hannibal felt a ball of hard and bitter envy rise like bile within him. This darkness wasn’t really for Ingram; it was meant for him. And he wanted it. He wanted to see and feel that darkness coming for him, take him to the edge as Will had done once before until Jack’s bullet had stopped him. He wanted to take it to its natural conclusion, because he knew that Will would not kill him. He knew the darkness would enfold him, curl into him and around his own, but Will would not kill him.

“Pick it up.” Will insisted to the Beta. And Hannibal stepped forward at this. Ingram would not have that darkness; he was unworthy of it.

“It won't feel the same, Will. It won't feel like killing me.” Because wasn’t that the truth? That was what Will wanted before, and regardless of anything he had said or done since, that lingered. But it lingered with the confusion borne of their attraction to each other - something Hannibal knew to be genuine - knew that from one simple fact. If it were not, if this were all a ruse Will would not have fucked him. He may have allowed Hannibal to take him instead - remained passive and allowed himself to believe it meant nothing. But that had not been the case, Will had stopped only shy of leaving a claiming mark and that meant everything.

“It doesn't have to.” Will replied. “I know what it will feel like. It'll feel good.”

“Feel good like killing me? Or good like fucking me? Feel good like claiming me? If you're going to do this, Will... You have to do it for yourself. This is not the reckoning you promised yourself. Let me be your reckoning. Claim me as yours.”

Hannibal moved quickly as Will’s finger squeezed the trigger, his own thumb moving into the path of the hammer, stopping the shot. Hannibal hesitated then; he could remove the gun, slide it from Will’s hand. Will was hot and radiating an aggression all Alpha, but he knew he would allow it. The energy crackled off Will and Hannibal shuddered at the proximity.

“If you kill him Will, it is not for Peter, it is for me. If you kill him you are mine as I am yours. This will be the end of your career - there will be no explaining it. We could leave, be together, hunt together, kill together as you desire.”

Because he knew Will desired it; it was coming off him in waves. If he killed Ingram his fate would be sealed and his choice made. They would belong to each other - any lingering doubts Hannibal had that he was being manipulated, that Will was trying to entrap him, would be gone. He removed his hand from the gun. It all rested on a moment.

Will took a shuddering breath and closed his eyes. Hannibal wished he could read the thoughts in Will’s mind as easily as he could see the darkness that he sensed - he hoped - was reaching out for his own.

Will eyes snapped open and he fired the gun. The shot ringing out through the barn, masking the thud of Ingram's body falling heavy to the ground.

Hannibal's heart was beating fast, his breath caught in the beauty of the moment, the magnificence of his Alpha, because yes, he was now, truly *his Alpha*. Hannibal reached out for Will and brought them close together, whispering words just above Will's lips -

"I had hoped… But even with all my knowledge and intrusion, I could never entirely predict you. I can feed the caterpillar, whisper through the chrysalis, but what hatches follows its own nature and is beyond me."

Will looked dazed, confused by his own actions perhaps, but only for a moment. And then the gun clattered to the floor as he reached both hands to Hannibal, one in behind his neck, the other into his hair - tugging it hard and pulling back his head to elongate the smooth line of his throat. And then teeth descended with a ferocious growl and took deep and hard purchase on Hannibal's neck.

*

When Will had wiped the blood from his mouth he had returned to the wound, licked it, kissed it. Hannibal's hands came up to his jacket lapels and pulled him into a deep kiss, moaning at the taste of his own blood.

Had he entrapped himself? Was that what had happened? Days had passed since their coupling - in that time had been fifteen graves, Peter, Peter's shadow.

Do you have a shadow, Peter? Someone only you can see. He's someone you considered a friend. He made you feel you weren't alone.

Had he trapped himself? No. He never knew himself as well as he did when he was with Hannibal. He knew - he could see - the darkness within himself. The darkness in Hannibal. They way they fit together as perfectly as their bodies had.

He found he was smiling as they pulled apart, as he retrieved his gun and went to the car. They would pack bags, leave before anyone noticed they were gone. Leave Peter to explain what he could. Leave Peter to continue without his tormenting shadow, without his world fading to colourless static as he took that life. The satisfaction of saving Peter from that was almost as good as the satisfaction from killing Ingram.

He felt light. His inner conflict resolved. He felt colour return, his darkness release, the weight of it leaving him as he recognised the beginnings of his own becoming. His future with Hannibal, his own perfect shadow, as the man he was always meant to be.

Jack may have been convinced that Will was his man, but as Hannibal pulled him into another quick, biting kiss before starting the car, Will knew he was and always would be Hannibal's.

*

“No one can be fully aware of another human being unless we love them. By that love we see potential in our beloved. Through that love we allow our beloved to see their potential. Expressing that love, our beloved's potential comes true... I love you, Will.”

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